



A Nation's
Thanksgiving
By

HENRY FAULKNER DARNELL D.D.

DEDICATED

* BY PERMISSION *

To
MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND





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Very truly yours
Hy: F. Darwell.

A Nation's Thanksgiving.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

HENRY F. ^{Bx}~~Darnell~~ DARNELL, D. D.,

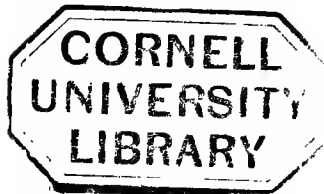
(Rector of Zion Church, Avon, N. Y. Author of "Songs of the Seasons," etc.)

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

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A. 21834



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Printers,
237-9 Dock Street, Philadelphia.

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A decorative border composed of four clusters of reeds and cattails, one in each corner, connected by thin horizontal and vertical lines to form a rectangular frame.

DEDICATION.

To her these lines we trace
Whose nature womanly and varied gifts
And simple grace
Do honor to her state, whether it lifts,
Like headland proud, above the tides and drifts,
To loftiest resting place,
Or finds her battling with the waves that meet
And break all boisterously beneath its feet.
Unmoved such scenes to face,
Upon such giddy height to stand secure—
Amid such tumult tranquil to endure,
And calmly view the flood ;
To know no warping from the sun or shower—
To know no change with Fortune's varying hour,
Is truest womanhood.

[Copy.]

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

Rev. H. F. DARNELL, D.D.,

Dear Sir:

Your flattering letter is before me, and I assure you I can find no possible objection to the proposition you make to dedicate your forthcoming volume to me, on my part; for your own sake, I might easily find fault with your selection. I shall appreciate the compliment of the dedication should you carry out your idea.

I am, with much respect,

Yours, very truly,

[Signed]

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

17th December, 1885.

 Nation's 

 hanksgiving.

A * Psalm * of * Praise.

I.



O Thee, our fathers' God

And ours, from myriad hearts throughout a land

By freemen trod,

Arise sweet psalms of praise. From strand to strand;

Where mighty oceans throb against the land

From morn till even ;

From men of many races—divers creeds,

Alike alone in human fears and needs


And blessings freely given,

They rise aloft above the din of earth,

And, to the Source from which all good hath birth,

Ascend to Heaven.

II.

O-DAY Thine altars fair
Are richly decked. In praise Thy servants stand,
Or kneel in prayer.

Thy hallowed shrines with solemn pomp are grand,
Or simply wreathed by tender, loving hand

With flow'rets fair ;

And with those golden fruits and ruddy grains

With which Thou crown'st in mercy all our plains ;

Or with the thousand dyes

With which the parting Autumn stains the leaves,

Which drop, like benedictions, on our sheaves,

This day doth incense rise :


III.

NOT such as, pressed of old
From piercé tree, all bleeding, yet did yield
Its perfumes manifold :

Not such as rose to vaulted roof, rich ceiled,
And reached the inmost shrine, to none revealed,
From cups of gold
Of lowly acolytes, content to wait,
Like the young Samuel,* in the Temple gate
Of God most high :
Not incense such as bruised herbs can give
From their crushed petals, which but cease to live
In their last sigh.

* 1 Sam. ii, 18.

IV.

HE incense we present,
O God, comes not of bruised herb or pierced tree :
Not such would Thee content.

In cups of gold it is not offered Thee,

For gold is rarest oft where this may be.

From souls all penitent—

All glad for sin forgiven and soothéd woe ;

From wounded spirits which yet, grateful, 'go

Upon the heavenward way,

Its perfumes rise. Upon it, circling free,

And mounting ever through the blue immensity,

What love-beams play !

V.



HIS incense sweet ascends

Forth from unnumber'd hearts in happy homes,

And duly blends

With richer savor of sweet charities,

And all the tender, loving ministries

A thankful spirit lends ;

Which recognizes in each blessing sent

A talent given, only to be spent

For Him who gave :

And sees but in the still increasing store

A growing treasure, out of which the more

For Him to save.

VI.



WE look around

On every side, and see our wide domain

With peace and plenty crowned ;

The streams of Commerce, if not swollen, still

Of volume yet each busy hand to fill.

We see, in Fortune's storms,

Upon these coasts, by Ocean's billows hurled,

The gathered fragments of another world


Moulded in nobler forms :

And wandering stars, from older orbits freed,


Impelled by Liberty—Ambition—Need,

Where Hope's beam cheers and warms.

VII.

E see a rising race,
Of many races formed, which still present—
And not alone in face
Or outward form—the marks of their descent;
And in this race, the good and evil blent,
We long, perchance, may trace :
And if from out the restless, seething mass
Dark vapours oft will rise and dim the glass,
And forms distorted shew ;
In faith, 'mid all the misery and crimes—
Offspring unnatural of other climes—
We wait the process slow.

VIII.

 O Thee not only due
Our praise for blessings, manifold and rare,
Descending, like the dew,
In these our days upon our country, fair,
Making its increase beyond all compare
The broad earth through :
But from that hour in which the fiat went
That, on this vast and teeming continent,
A brighter light should shine,
Before the hosts Thy chosen captains led,
Thyself went forth, and on their pathway shed
Thy grace divine.

IX.



INTO the past we gaze :

We see a little bark* put forth in morn's fair
beams

To tempt the briny ways.

Ah, what a bubble on the deep she seems !

Yet freighted with what wealth of hopes and dreams

For after days !

Thee, do we praise, O God, for favoring gales

Which, harmless, toyed with her swelling sails,

And bore her proudly on.


We praise Thee for the loving power which kept

The waves subdued, as onward still she swept,

And the rich goal was won.

* Columbus sails from Palos, Aug. 3, 1492.

X.

ND when, the voyage o'er,
Grated the wave-worn, weary keel at last
Upon the welcome shore,
Forgot the storms and perils of the past,
When on thy shell-strewn beach was anchor cast,
San Salvador !
The first lone out-post of a new world won,
The conquerors bent the knee at set of sun
In thankful praise ;
And we, who share their conquest, not their pain,
Still, in the lapse of all these years, again
Thanksgiving raise.

XI.



H, rich that goal indeed !

Beyond the bold adventurer's utmost ken—

The monarch's greed :

Transcending all portrayed by poet's pen—

The wildest dreams of gold-enslavéd men—

The keen desires of need.

Rich not alone in glittering gold and gems,

Such as may gleam in royal diadems


To daze the vulgar mind ;

But rich in glorious possibilities—

In scope and freedom for a race to rise

To lead mankind.

XII.


ERE was a virgin soil
Had waited only for the proper seed,
And needful toil ;

Here all to meet a countless people's need,
And rear a race, from ancient fetters freed,
Whose nobler aim

Should be, in coming years, to make to cease
Wars wild alarms ; and to the God of peace
A temple rear,


Whose radiance, shining o'er the stormy main,
Should lift the world into a loftier plane,
And banish slavish fear.

XIII.

 HERE, in the wake
Of him who, chief, so nobly led the van,
Did others come, to make
Secure his triumphs ;* till the wild began—
Still in accordance with the Master's plan—
To newer life to wake :
Till all the coast, from frigid North to South—
From cape to cape—from bay to river's mouth,
Shewed hamlets fair ;
Each gleaming forth from pebbly beach and steep
O'er the wide billows of the restless deep,
Like Hope's bright star.

* Americus Vesputius, A.D. 1497-98. John and Sebastian Cabot.

XIV.


 HERE, soon, around
The hardy settler's rugged hut of pine,
The fallow ground

Began to yield its spoils : soon harvests shine,
And golden grain and purple-clustered vine
The clearings crowned.


In vain stern Winter's biting cold—the heat
Of Summer's scorching suns, which fiercely beat !

Not these that nation's fate
Can stay or mar, which He, all wise, hath planned :
Not these that people's onward course withstand,
Predestined great.

XV.

ERE, still it grew, despite
Of savage raids, and the wild Indians' whoop,
Which on the startled night
Would, fearful, break ; as, with an eagle's stoop,
They scan the prey on which they fiercely swoop :
And, soon, the lurid light
Of blazing homesteads redden all the skies,
Rent by the groans of dying men—by women's cries ;
Till the returning morn,
Unveil'd, looks down on scenes of cruelty,
So fraught with terror, as could only be
Of Hell and Horror born.

XVI.

TILL, year by year,
The stately fabric rose ; and now were laid,
Often in doubt and fear,
The broad foundations of the State. Now, undismayed,
Unto Thy lowly shrines which blest the glade
Our sires drew near,
Strong in that simple faith, and rugged sense of right,
Which yields not ever to unrighteous might.
Though stern and cold
We sometimes deem them now, yet in their ways
Should we do well, in these degenerate days,
Full oft to hold.

XVII.



H, then no idle name

Was "Thanksgiving." To the log church from
far and wide

The sturdy settlers came :

The aged grand-parents—the future bride—

The groom in prospect, ling'ring by her side :

The comely dame

With stalwart sons, and daughters fresh and fair ;

Manhood and youth commingled, lowly, there


In prayer and praise.

Then would the board be spread, and from the feast

None empty went ; the greatest thought upon the least

In those brave days.

XVIII.

HEN Schools prevail,
And "Harvard,"* Learning's pioneer, stood forth,
And goodly "Yale," †
These shed their genial influence on the North,
And through succeeding years have proved their worth.
Ne'er may their glory pale,
For lack of that alone can stimulate
To noblest triumphs, and make truly great!
Then stately rose, and fair,
To shed their dower upon the "Virgin State,"
Those ancient Halls,‡ designed by Wren, and dedicate
To that illustrious pair,

Who, like twin stars, shone o'er the troubled sea
Of Britain's civil strife, and set her free

E'en loftier flights to dare.

Let not their light expire, O South! Mellowed by age,
Nurs'ry of patriot, hero, and of sage,

They are thy tend'rer care.

* "Harvard," founded A. D. 1636. † "Yale," founded A. D. 1700. ‡ "William and Mary College," founded A. D. 1693, in Virginia, and greatly in need of assistance.

XIX.

WHEN flourished Art,
And many a wondrous master-piece was planned
To teach and touch the heart.

Then laws were framed, and charters won, as through
the land

The settlements grew into States; and knowledge,
fanned,

Spread over hill and dale.

Stern men grew milder—of a mellower tone ;

And ere a single century had flown,

Beneath the shade

Of England's all-protecting banner, rose

A band of States, triumphant o'er all foes—

For freedom made.

XX.



HEN set the sun

Of France upon a continent Champlain

Had well nigh won !*

Upon Quebec's† proud height, and Abraham's plain,

Two noble chiefs, of Gaul and Britain, slain,

Now rest at one—

Wolfe and Montcalm, who, glorious in their fall—

In victory and defeat alike—bequeathed to all

Example high

Of true devotion to their country's cause,

To Honor's claims—Humanity's high laws,

And fairest chivalry.

* Capture of Louisburg, A. D. 1745. † Capture of Quebec, A. D. 1759.

XXI.



AND as in stature still

Grew up each infant State, their strength they
feel.

Then comes the thrill

Of liberty, wild coursing through their veins :

They claim, impatient of external chains,

A sovereign will.*

All wisely ruled, we now, enlightened, see—

Among the many things ordained to be—

The parricidal strife ;

Which, long-protracted, ere its bloody close—

More bloody e'er when brothers meet as foes—

Did give a nation life.†

* Speech of Patrick Henry in Virginia Assembly, May, A. D. 1765. † Declaration of Independence, July 4, A. D. 1776.

XXII.



RIBUTE to Thee we bring,
Who on the storm-cloud rode : who, 'mid the ill
And woe and suffering,
Didst manifest Thy presence, making still
Man's pride and fury but subserve Thy will.
And, soon, with folded wing,
Thou bad'st the angel of Thy peace to light
On lands which foreign sway no more shall blight,*
To which no feuds shall cling ;
But, where, combining all their varied gifts
With all that man to loftier purpose lifts,
Thy sons Thy praise shall sing.

* Treaty of Paris, securing Independence, Sept. 3, A. D. 1783.

XXIII.



WITH Freedom's birth,

There came a sense through all the wak'ning
land

Of Freedom's priceless worth.

Men into heroes grew—free States linked hand in
hand ;

And under his, the heaven-sent Chief's* command,

Abundance followed dearth ;

For each now felt his heritage his own,

And reaped in peace the fields his hands had sown.

Firm welded now

Into one solid whole, the "Union " stood,

The band of empire, from far flood to flood,

Upon her brow.

* George Washington, elected first President of the United States April 30, A.D. 1789.

XXIV.



HENCEFORWARD who shall tell
The progress of that highly-favored land
Which Thou hast blest so well ?
As by the flourish of magician's wand,
Soon noble bridges all her rivers spann'd ;
And, with their ebb and flow,
Full-freighted barks pass, ceaseless, to and fro,
As o'er the ocean's paths they come and go
With varied store :
E'en in her wildernesses cities rise,
Piercing with stately spires the peaceful skies
Where savage dwelt of yore.

XXV.

WHEN Science' reign began.*

The conquered elements, no longer free,
Confess the power of man ;

They bear his boundless wealth o'er land and sea—

They flash his messages all silently

Where none can ban ;

Their pulses beat across a thousand wires—

They light a thousand lurid furnace fires—

They crush the precious ore :


They spin the cotton—thresh the ripened grain—

And link, with sympathy's "electric chain,"

Two worlds for evermore.†


* "Fulton's Folly" launched on the Hudson A. D. 1807. First railroad, A. D. 1827. † Atlantic cable laid Aug. 6, A. D. 1858.

XXVI.

UT o'er the prosp'ring land
There comes a deep'ning cloud. At first it
seemed
No bigger than a hand ;*
But, born of bitter wrong, it needs must grow and
break.
It bursts ! The nation's strong foundations shake
With the first boom
Of its artillery.† Oh, darkest page
In all her history ! When love was turned to rage—
Sunshine to deepest gloom :
When common language—common laws and blood
No longer, like a band of angels, stood
Before the path of doom.


* " Missouri Compromise " on slavery, A. D. 1820. † Fort Sumter fired upon by Confederates, A. D. April 12, 1861.

XXVII.

HEN rose to Heaven cries
Of bitterest anguish, such as ne'er before
Had rent these Western skies,
From countless Rachels, weeping, as of yore,
Above their cherished dead, who never more
Should bless their waiting eyes.
But, when the awful cloud—its fury spent—
Prepared to part, within the prayed-for rent
Thy “ Bow ” was seen,
Telling of righted wrong*—of buried woe—
A nation stronger for the bitter throe
Must needs have been.


*Slavery abolished by law, Sept. 12, A. D. 1862.

XXVIII.

ND now, we look with hope,
Born of past mercies, to the coming years—
E'en to their utmost scope.

We see a land, baptized in blood and tears—
Escaped a thousand anxious cares and fears,
Prepared to cope—
Emerging from the throes of civil strife,
And instinct with a purer, loftier life—
With future ill ;
And brothers, dearer from the bloody fight
In which they proved their common race and might,
One common hope shall thrill.

XXIX.

E see a nation stand
Conspicuous through all the world—high blest.
A peaceful land !

The shrine of Liberty—the home of the opprest :

Where Tyranny shall never rear its crest,

Or Slavery more shall brand.

Too strong for foes without to dare molest ;

Within, ruled by that loftiest law's behest—

A self-restraint,

The fruitage of enlighten'd government,

Of peace and plenty, and that sweet content

Which bounds desire

Within the just domain of individual right—

Which curbs Ambition's godless appetite

And Lust's fell fire.

XXX.



CROSS the boundless main,

We see the produce of her generous breast—

Mountain, valley, and plain—

Borne to the craving markets of the East,

Making for all the world perpetual feast

Of fruits and grain.

We see the golden treasure, deep in mines

Wherein the pleasant sunlight never shines,

Drawn from her teeming veins,

Or from the mountain torrent's rocky bed ;

And countless herds of glist'ning cattle fed

On her exhaustless plains.

XXXI.



WE see the swelling tide
Of immigration beat upon her shore,
In waves as full and wide
As in the dark and faithless days of yore,
When minds, too narrow for their times, had deemed
their store
Too little to divide ;
Had scann'd with jealous eye the flowing streams,
Which, right-directed, would outrun the dreams
Of wildest prophecy,
Setting in play a myriad factory-wheels—
Making “*demand*” press fast upon the heels
Of all “*supply*,”

XXXII.



UT as the ocean laves,

And, ever restless, beats upon the steep,

Till, in the silent caves,

It wakes the sounding echoes from their sleep,

And sends them forth, with resonance loud and deep,

Upon the ærial waves:

So errors dark, from old conditions grown—

Seeds of neglect in Past and Present sown—


Shall fill the troubled air

With murmurings such as shew upheavals near—

Oppress each anxious heart with pain and fear—

With doubt and dark despair.


XXXIII.

HEN, where shall peace be found ?
Not in the oblivion of noxious weeds
Which curse the ground ;

Not in the multiplicity of creeds—
All vain and profitless for human needs—
Which yet abound !

But in that darksome and distressful time
A beam shall come, as from a purer clime,
To light on high ;
And, for “ the good old ways ” in which the fathers trod,
Unto the same supreme, unchanging God,
There shall arise a cry.

XXXIV.

ND He will hear that cry,
E'en as He did of old, when prophet, saint
And pilgrim found Him nigh :


As when He fed the wanderer, lone and faint,*
Or on the weary slumberer's dreams did paint
The "ladder" high.†

He who, despite the angry winds and tide,
The "Mayflower's" path could still in safety guide
Across the foaming deep,
Will still display to all the wond'ring world,
As on a blazon to all eyes unfurled,—

"The Hand that *made* can *keep*."

* 1 Kings xvii, 6. † Gen. xxviii, 12.

XXXV.

TILL, in Thy power,
O Father, we confide. All gifts are Thine ;
And Thou dost shower
Thy blessings where Thou wilt. Oh, cause to shine
Thy face on this Thy land ! Of peace divine,
Oh, give it richest dower !
Where'er Thou send'st Thy silver and Thy gold,
Send grace the trust for Thee and Thine to hold,
And wisely to employ :
Where'er Thou grantest light and knowledge true,
Oh, make the will Thy work and will to do
Supremest joy !

XXXVI.



NITE in this blest cause

Thy chosen ones who hold the helm of State,

And those who frame our laws ;

All Thy true priests who at Thy altars wait,

And all Thy people—lowly, rich, or great.

Bid violence to pause !

Make our tribunals terrible to crime,

And, in protecting innocence, sublime.

On justice let pity wait !

Preserve the ephod and the ermine pure !

Make wrath to cease, and only love endure !

Make goodness only great !

XXXVII.



MAKE each to serve content,
In spirit free from sordid taint or soil ;
Not for emolument
Wrung from the honest hand of patient toil,
As, from the vanquish'd, victors tear the spoil ;
But, as the instrument,
In hands Divine, for the whole people's good :
As one of that supremest brotherhood
Whose honours never fall ;
Who link their fortunes, as their faith, to One
Whose sweet approval of a duty done
Repays for all.

XXXVIII.



THEN shall no problem long

The anxious rulers of the land perplex :

United, earnest, strong

For God and good, those ills no more shall vex

Which spare no earthly state, no age or sex.

Then every form of wrong

Shall yield at last to that serener sway

Which looks not to the issue of the day ;

But, with a purpose high,

Which—come what may of human hopes or fears—

Shall bind its sheaves, or reaped in joy or tears,

For all eternity.




“Opening of the Brooklyn Bridge.”

MAY 24, A. D. 1883.

OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

MAY 24, A. D. 1883.

I.

 HERE a mighty nation expectant stands,
Two goodly cities to-day grasp hands

Over the watery way ;
And firmly riveted, link by link,
Is that huge chain by the river's brink
Which binds them one for aye.

II.

Spanning the billows far and wide—
Spun like a web o'er the rolling tide,
 Hangeth the mighty Bridge ;
Nearly a mile from shore to shore,
And poised a hundred feet or more
 Clear of the water's edge.

III.

Was it the work of a single night,
Like the gossamer threads which greet the light
 Down in the silent dell ?
Was it thrown in an instant athwart the piers,
Like the arc that is woven of smiles and tears,
 As if by some fairy spell ?

IV.

Ah, not in a day—not in a year
Silently rose each stately pier
 Forth from the surface blue ;
Not as the flight of an idle thought
Were those bands and braces of metal wrought,
 Finely tempered and true.

V.

Painfully out from the mountain's side
Were hewn those blocks, which now with pride
 Uphold the fabric fair ;
And many a day, and many a night,
A hundred hands that tracery light,
 Have forged by the furnace' glare.

VI.

No puny effort—no briefer space
E'er yielded the trophies in which we trace
 The triumphs of human skill ;
But patient labor, infinite thought,
Are the weapons by which such deeds are wrought
 In the hands of an iron will.

VII.

From the moment the mighty work was planned,
Till the noble stream at length was spanned,
 And the victory fairly won,
Full many a weary hand found rest,
And many a toiler strong, oppressed,
 Beheld his life-work done.

VIII.

Thus into that Bridge of iron and stone
More costly things by far have gone,
 To make up the mighty whole ;
That nobler labor of hand and brain,
That looks for honor and not for gain—
 That springs from a lofty soul.

IX.

As over that Bridge men come and go,
As under its shadows the waters flow,
 Let it speak through the coming days ;
“ That some must sow whilst others reap,
But never a brave deed fails to keep
 Its hold on a nation's praise.”


* * * * *

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* * * * *

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H. F. DARNELL, D.D.,

AVON, N. Y.

"A Nation's Thanksgiving."

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

—BY—

HENRY F. DARNELL, D.D.

(Rector of Zion Church, Avon, N. Y. Author of "*Songs of the Seasons*," etc.)

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